BABY ANIMALS

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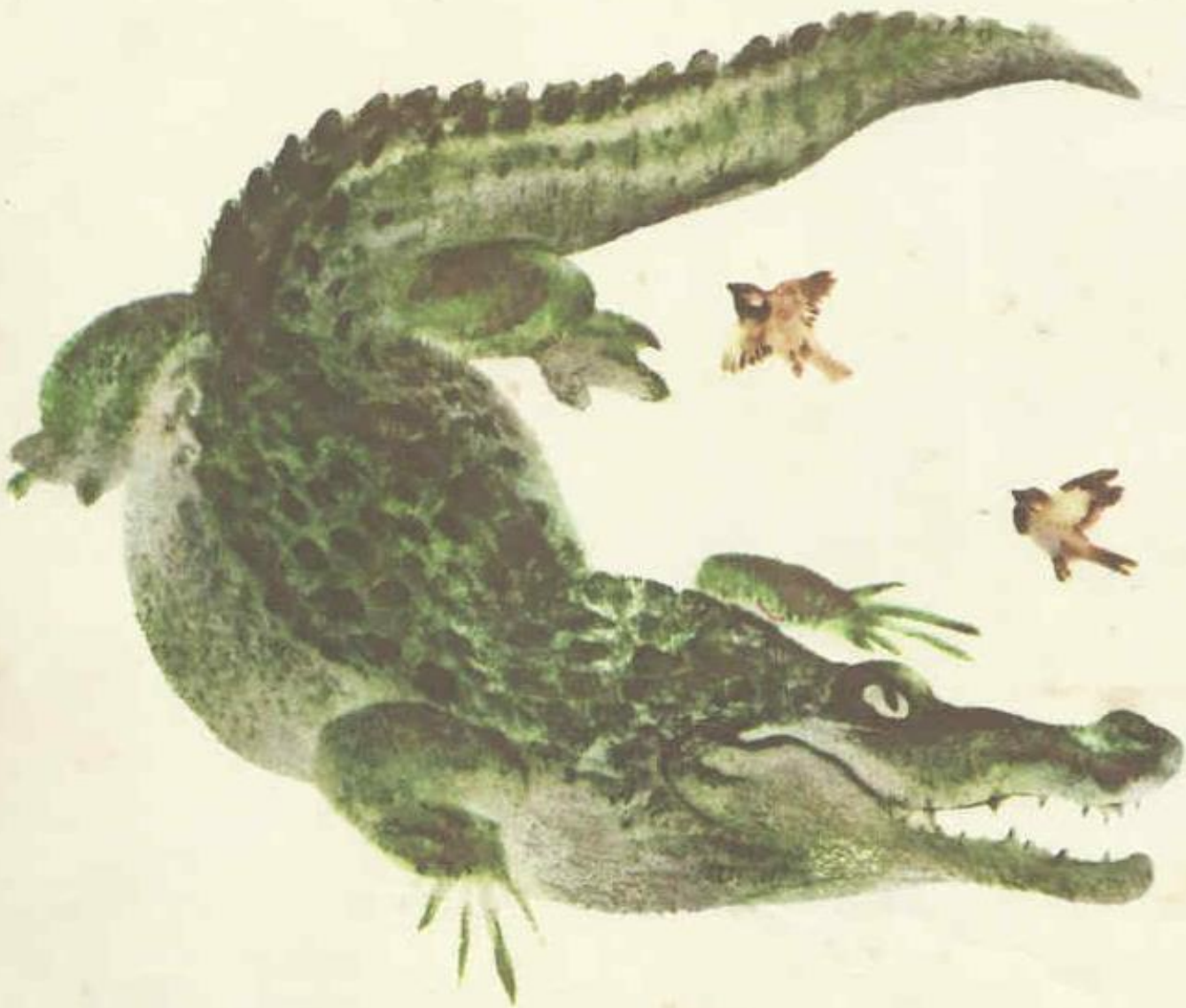

RADUGA PUBLISHERS
Moscow

Samuil Marshak

BABIES OF THE ZOO

Agnia Barto

THE BAD LITTLE BEAR-CUB

Alexei Laptev

ONE, TWO, THREE

REQUEST TO READERS

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Translation from the Russian

С. Маршак. Детки в клетке
А. Барто. Медвежонок-невежа
А. Лаптев. Раз, два, три...

На английском языке

Перевод сделан по книгам:
С. Маршак. «Детки в клетке»,
М., «Детгиз», 1967 г.
А. Барто. «Медвежонок-невежа»,
М., «Детгиз», 1966 г.
А. Лаптев. «Раз, два, три»,
М., «Детгиз», 1964 г.

Для дошкольного возраста

© Издательство «Радуга», 1989 г.
© Raduga Publishers 1989
Printed in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics

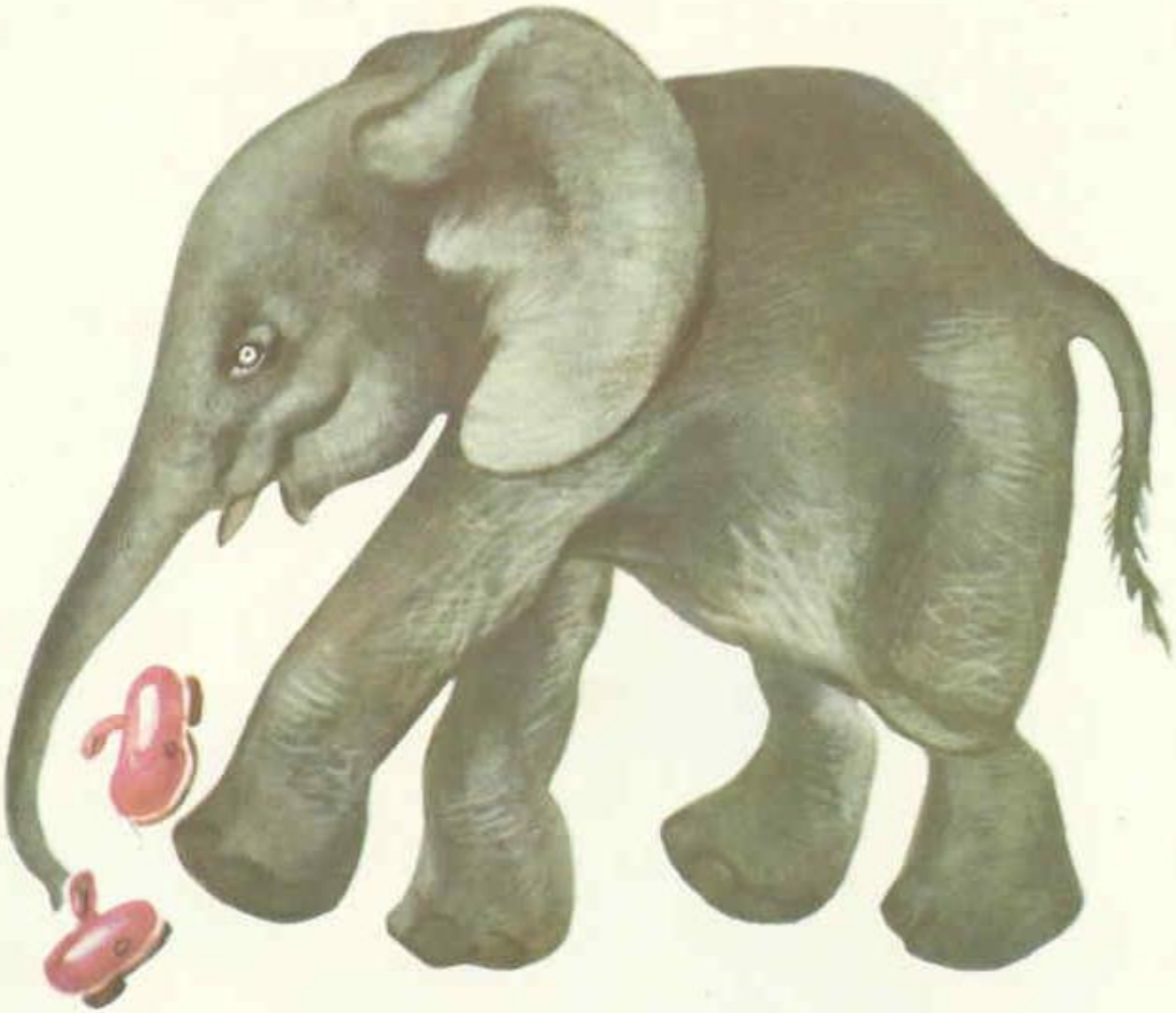
З $\frac{4803010202\text{-}535}{031/01/\text{-}89}$ 034-89

ISBN 5-05-002465-X

Samuil Marshak

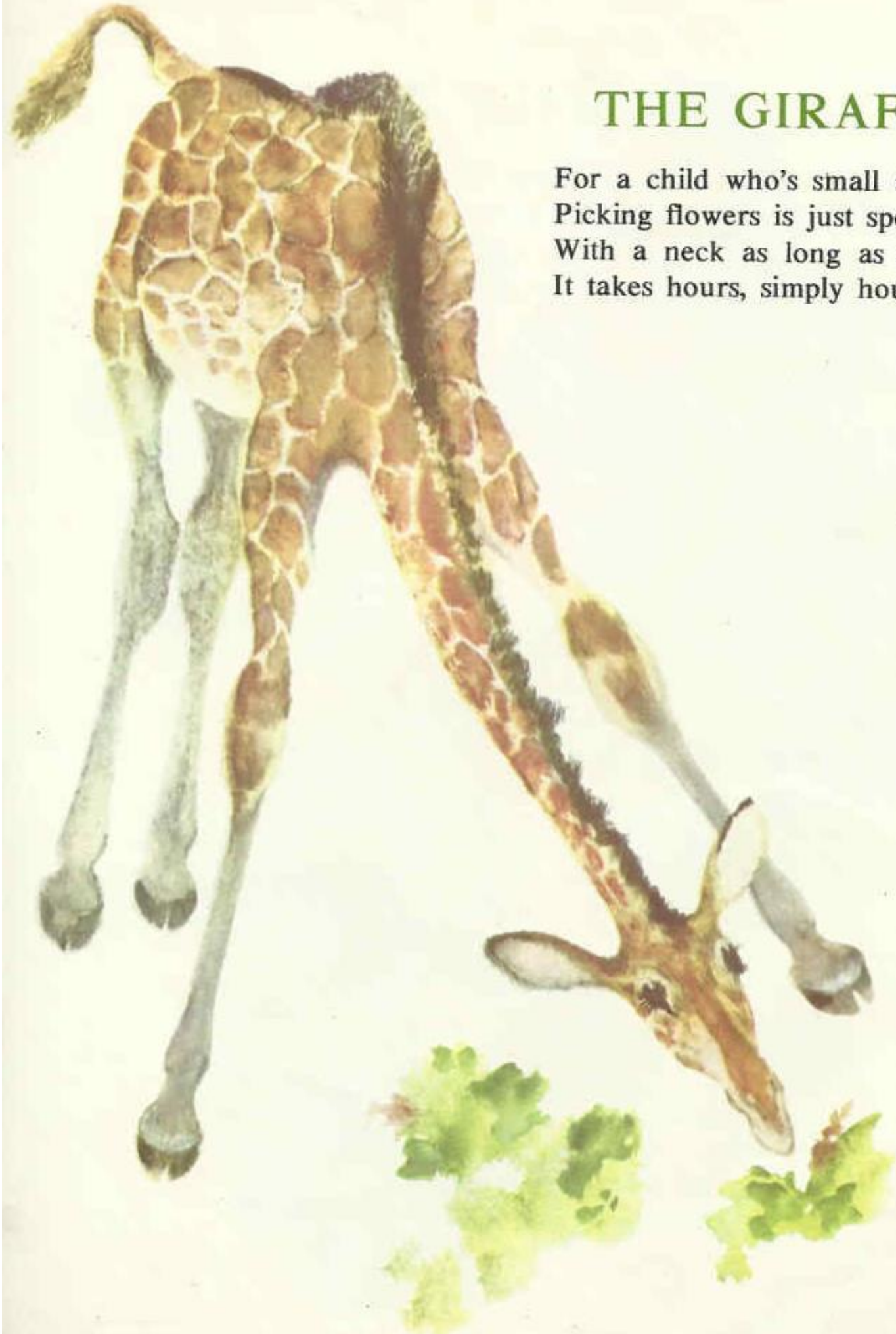
BABIES OF THE ZOO

Drawings by Yevgeny Charushin



THE ELEPHANT

These two slippers I was told
To put on when it got cold.
They are nice but much too small,
And I've four feet, after all!



THE GIRAFFE

For a child who's small and short
Picking flowers is just sport.
With a neck as long as ours
It takes hours, simply hours!

THE BABY TIGER

I'm a Tiger, not a cat.
I am dangerous to pat.

THE PENGUIN CHICKS

Myself and my twin brother
Were only hatched today.
Where can we find our mother?
Is she a bird, you'd say?

Not knowing what your name is
Is really rather thick.
Here someone comes to claim us,
It seems we're Penguin chicks!

MAGO THE MONKEY

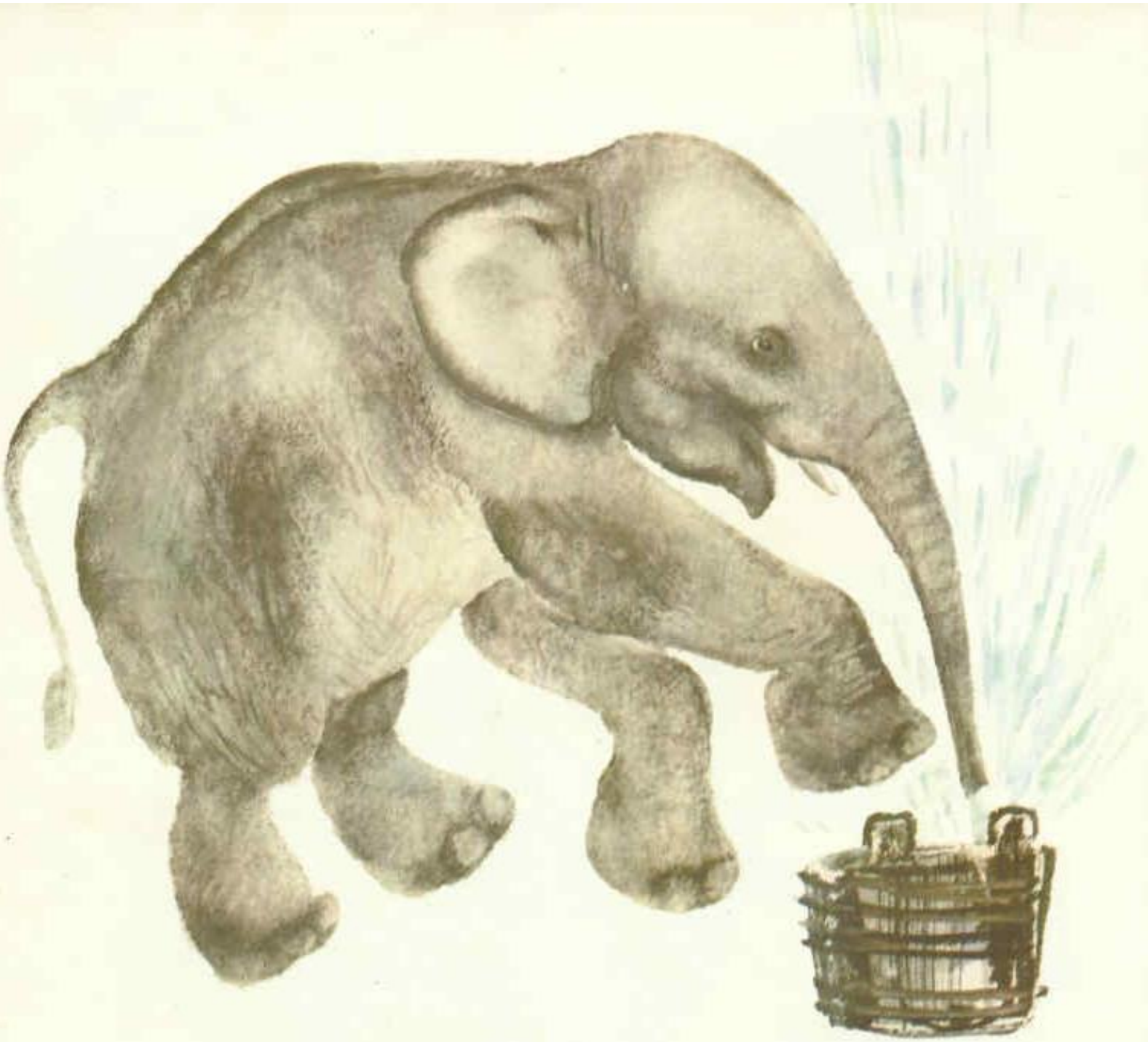
I'm new at the Zoo, and my name is Mago.
I came here from Africa some weeks ago:
A sailor boy brought me from over the sea,
Tucked in a box that he made for me.

I'm homesick at times, but happy enough,
Eating bananas and this lovely stuff:
Called Cod Liver Oil, a spoonful a day.
Supposed to keep the doctor away.

THE ZEBRAS

All the Zebras are, of course,
Second cousins of the horse.

They are striped from head to toe,
In the grass they do not show,
So they run about and play
Hide-and-seek the livelong day.



THE BABY ELEPHANT

This tiny little tot
Feels very, very hot,
There's nothing like a spray
To drive the heat away.
This tub is not much fun
For tots who weigh a ton.

TWO LION CUBS

Everyone knows our Daddy, don't you?
Our Daddy's the Lion at the Zoo.
He's got heavy paws and a great mane of hair,
And his roar gives people a terrible scare!

A Lion like that must have plenty to eat,
So Daddy is given the best kind of meat.
But we are just cubs, and our only food
Is sweetened milk, which is awfully good!

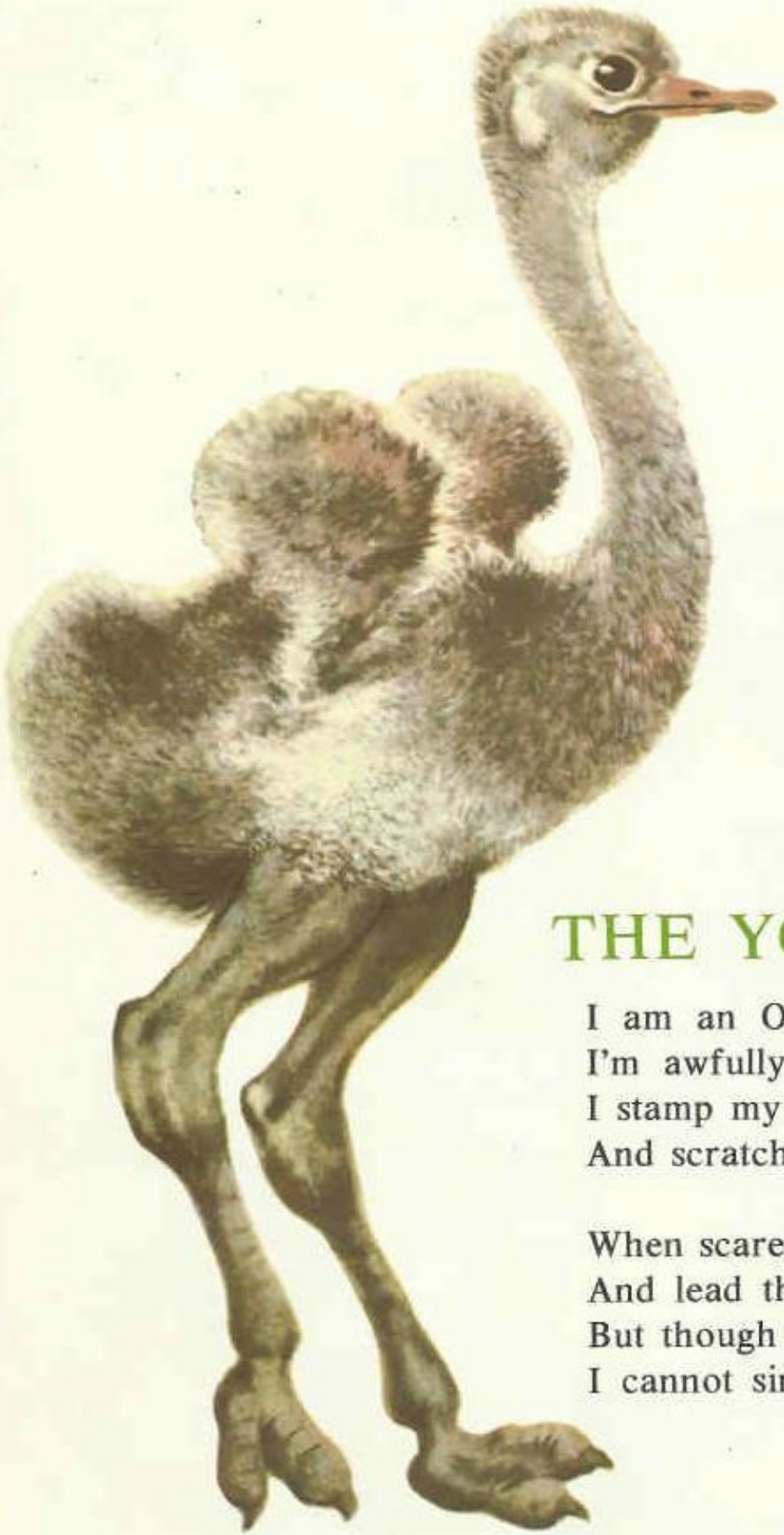
THE HUNGRY YOUNG CAMEL

Starving me from meal to meal,
Don't I get a rotten deal?
With an appetite like mine
What's two pailfuls at a time?

THE POLAR BEARS

How nice to dive and swim and play
In such a lovely pool!
They change the water every day,
And keep it nice and cool.

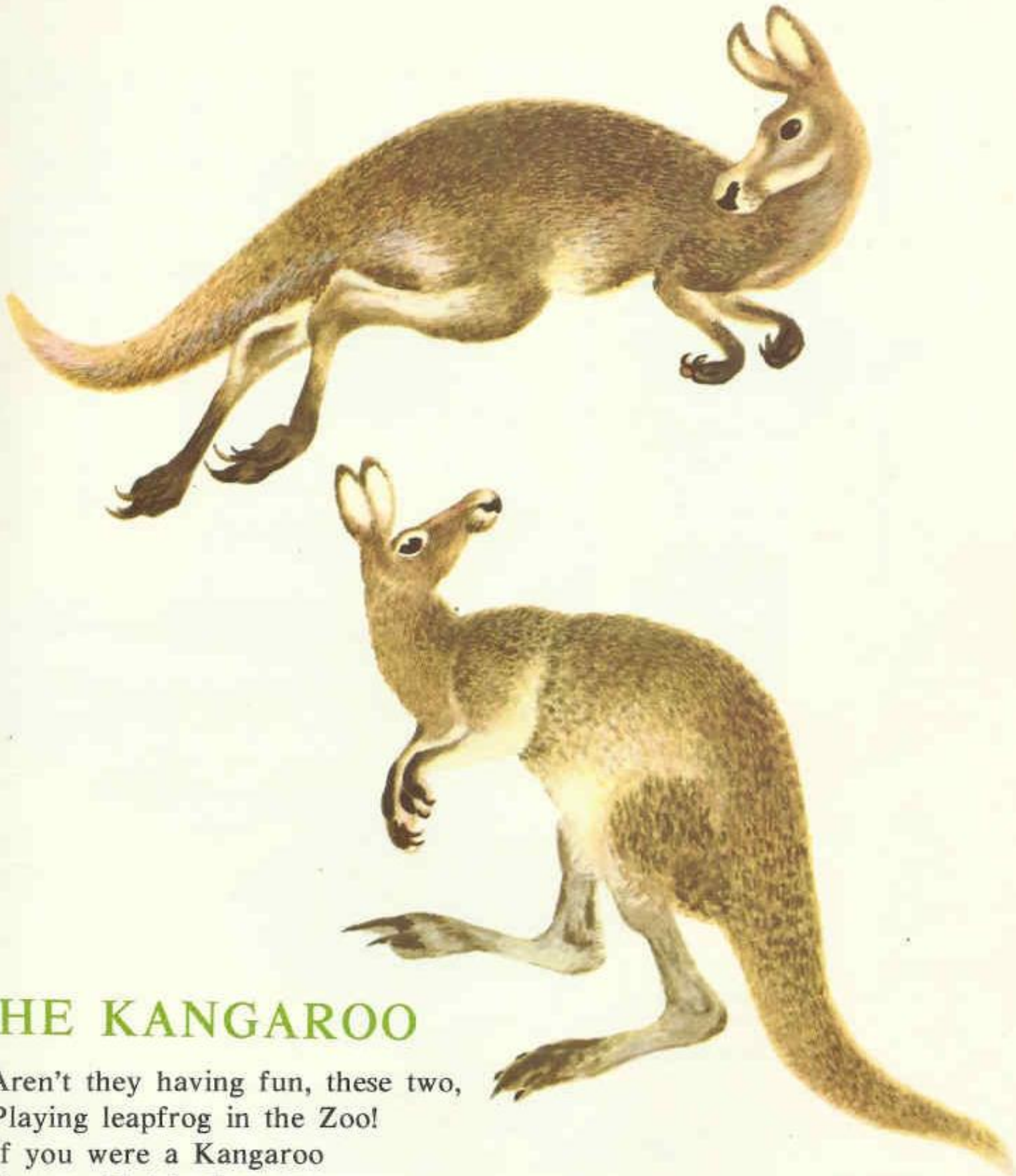
From wall to wall we love to race,
We're really hard to beat!
"Keep to the right, there's lots of space,
Don't shove me with your feet!"



THE YOUNG OSTRICH

I am an Ostrich, five weeks old,
I'm awfully proud and strong and bold,
I stamp my foot at any foe
And scratch the earth with my big toe.

When scared, I stretch my neck and race,
And lead them all a merry chase!
But though I try, and try, and try,
I cannot sing and cannot fly.



THE KANGAROO

Aren't they having fun, these two,
Playing leapfrog in the Zoo!
If you were a Kangaroo
You could join them too.

THE GOSLING

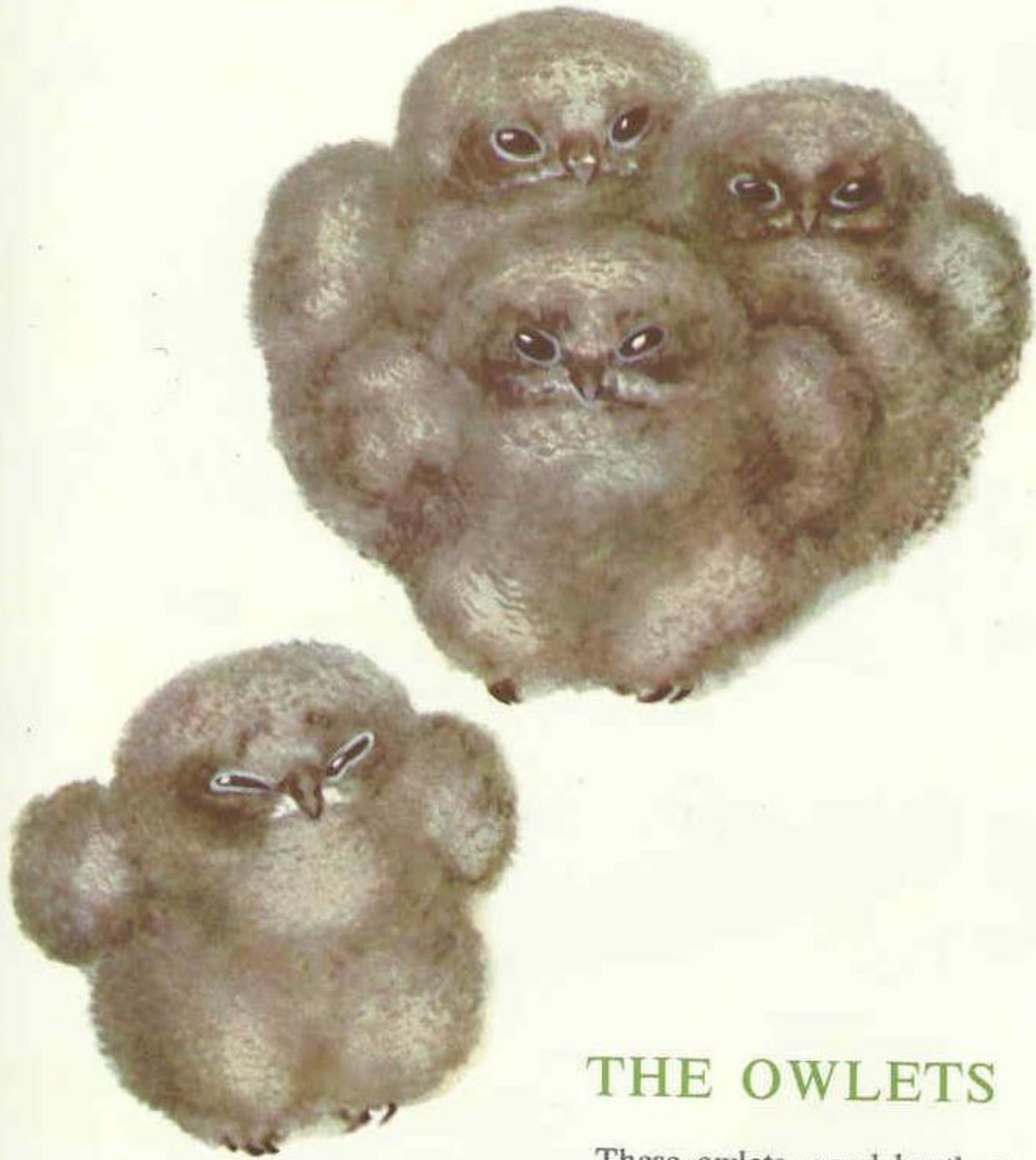
The Gosling had a dipping
With all the grownup geese.
He's shivering and dripping,
Hand him a towel, please!

THE ESKIMO DOG

Do not believe the sign that's there.
It isn't fair to say "Beware",
All those who know me say I am
As meek and gentle as a lamb.
I always think it's very queer
To cage me, like the rest, in here.

THE PENGUIN

Don't I look just like a sack,
One part white, the other black?
In the old days you should see me
Race and beat the fastest steamers!
Now I've grown so very fond
Of this quiet little pond.



THE OWLETS

These owlets, good brothers,
Grabbed hold of a seat.
They don't mix with others,
They sleep or they eat.

THE SPARROW IN THE ZOO

Tell us, Sparrow, do you feed
At the Zoo?—I do, indeed.

Yesterday at breakfast-time
I hopped in to see the Lion.

After that I had a snack
With the Fox, and then went back

To the Walrus for a drink,
He was very nice, I think.

Then old Jumbo and the Crane
Treated me to greens and grain.

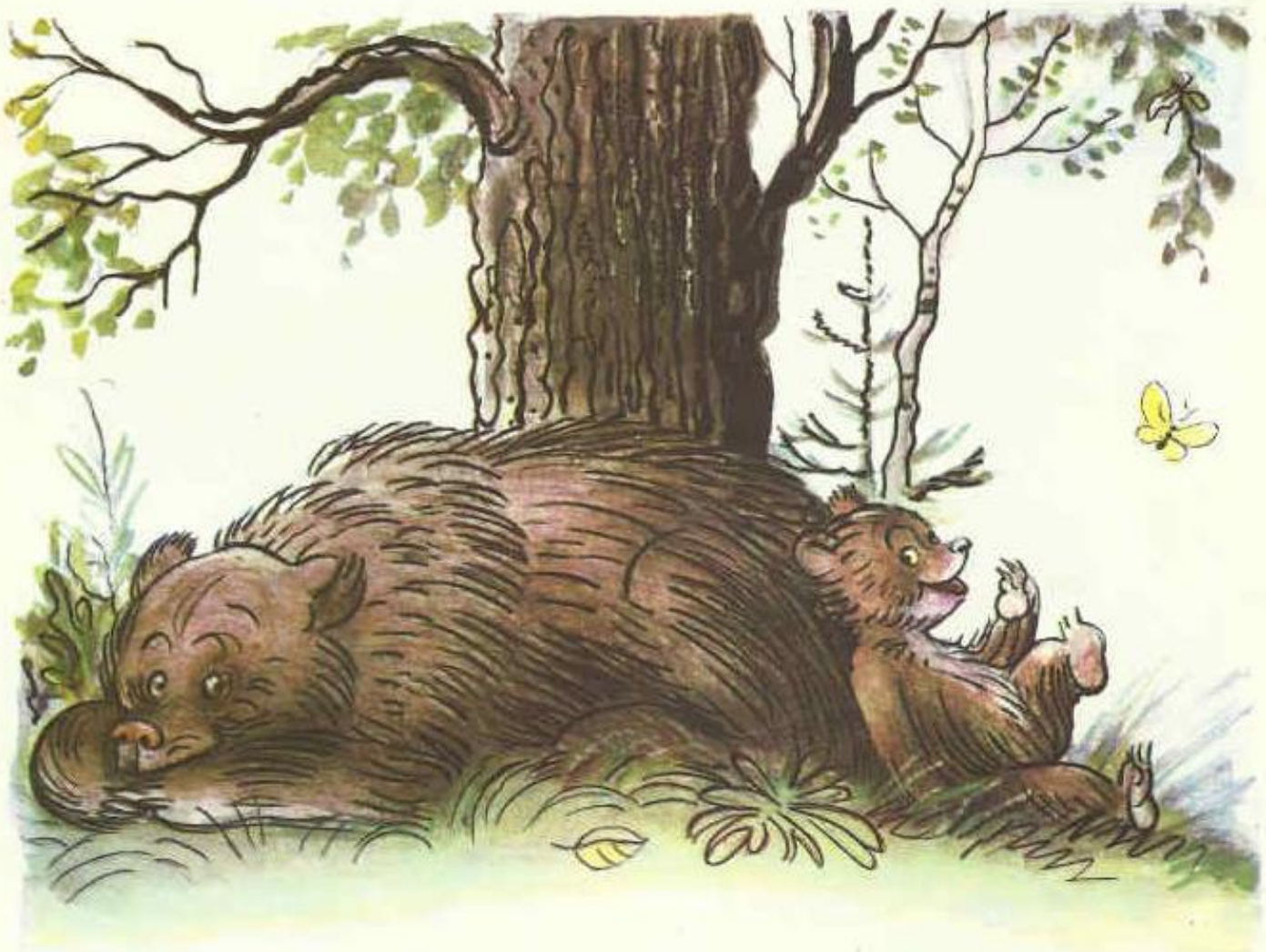
Nor the Rhino did I miss,
And I had some bran of his.

With the Croc I meant to sup,
But he almost ate me up!

Agnia Barto

THE BAD LITTLE BEAR-CUB

Translated by Dorian Rottenberg
Drawings by Vladimir Suteyev



Mrs. Bruin had a son,
One I'd wish to anyone:
Like his mother to a hair,
Every inch of him a bear.

From the heat beneath a tree
Mother Bear would hide,
And sure enough young
Sonny Bear
Would huddle by her side.

He'd trip up on a root, he would.
"Poor dear," crooned
Mother Bear.
Indeed, my friends, in all the wood
No finer cub was there.

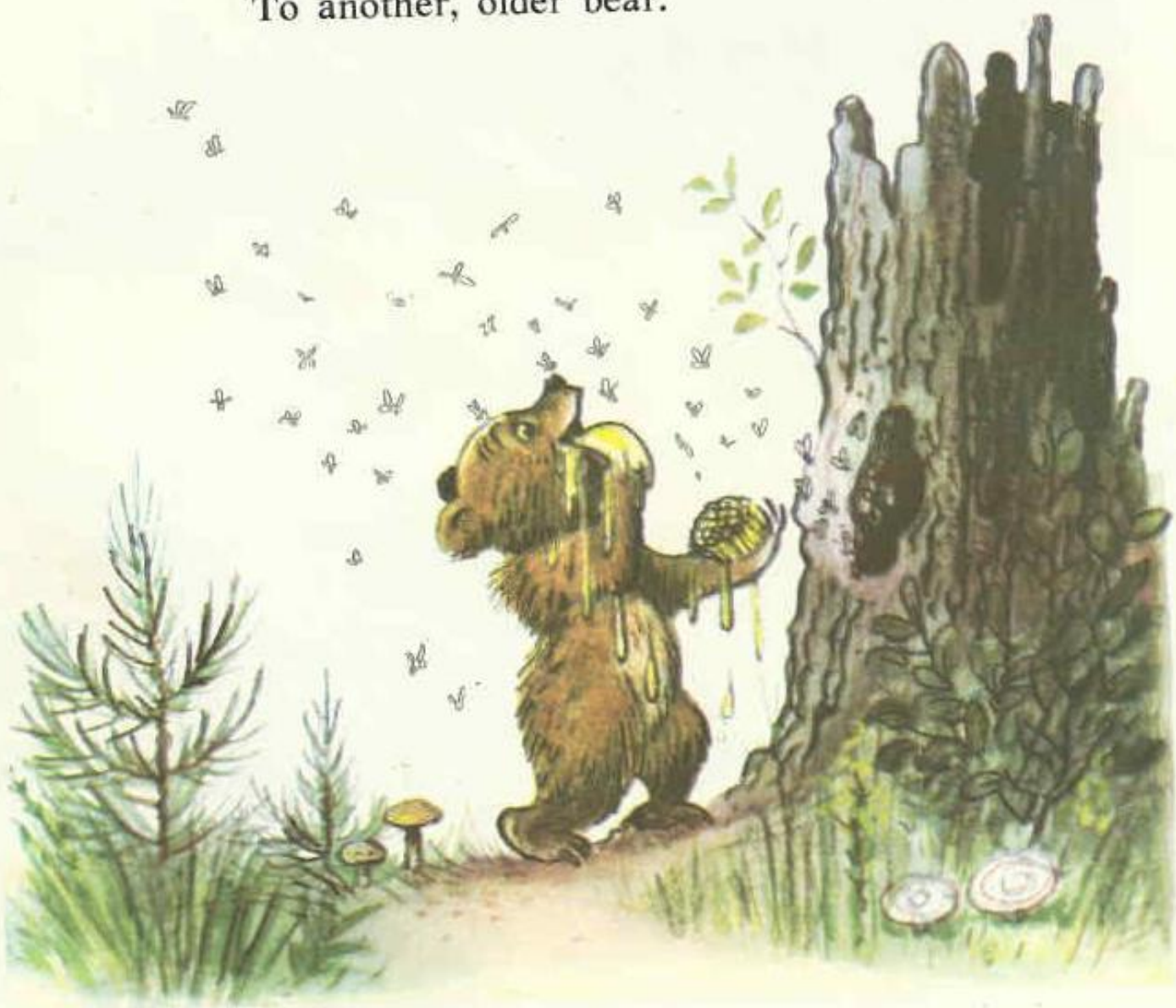
Yet Mrs. Bruin's young sonny
Broke all the rules and laws.
One day he found some honey
And ate with dirty paws!

His mother scolded:
"Naughty brat,
You mustn't grab
Your food like that!"
But Master Bear just
gobbled on
And choked,
And coughed,
And spat.

His face became all clammy,
His fur began to stick —
A good day's work for Mammy
To clean, and smooth, and lick.

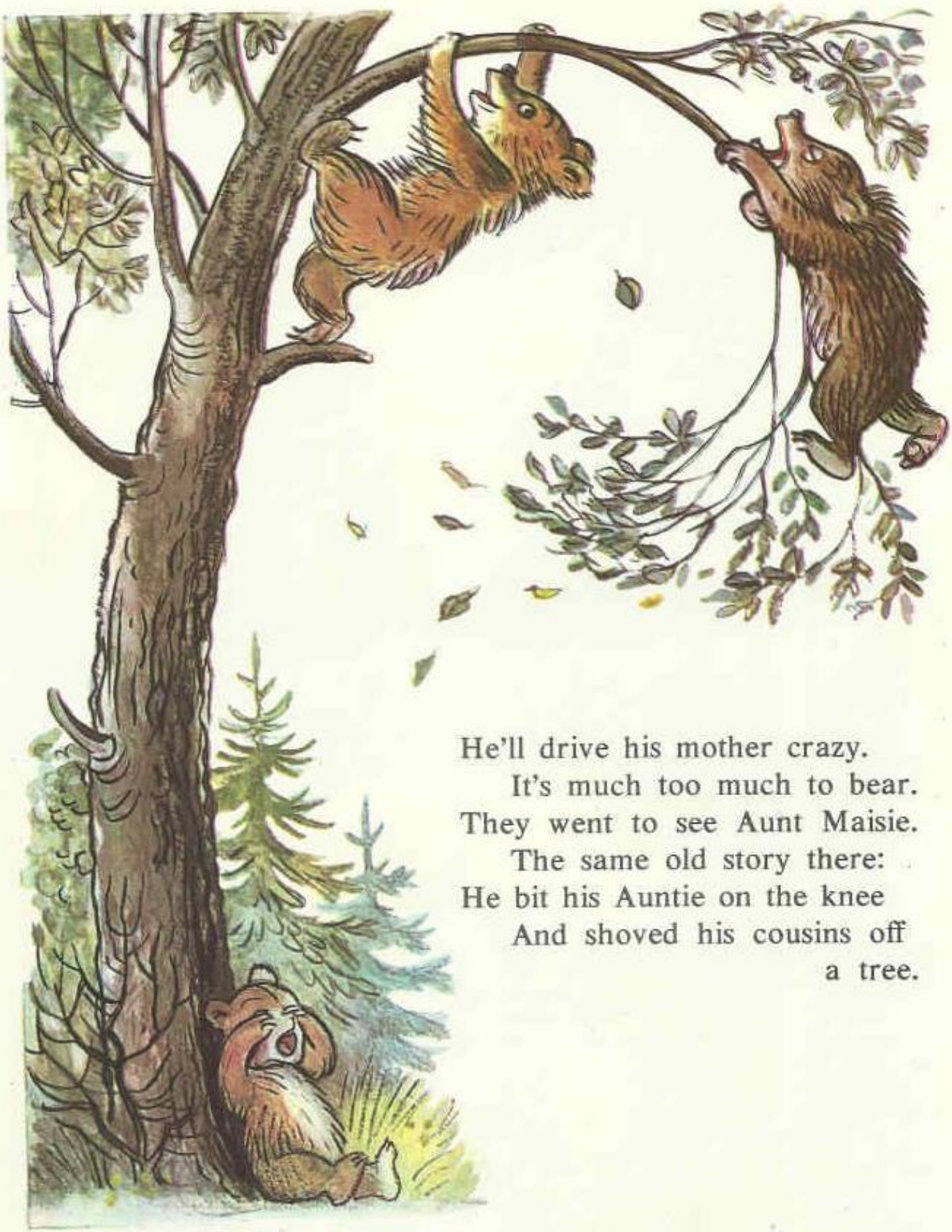
When Mum and Dad sat down to chat
He'd start a noisy squawking.
Now, ought a cub behave like that
When grown-up bears are talking?

The bear-cub, coming home one day,
Climbed first into the lair,
And that instead of giving way
To another, older bear.

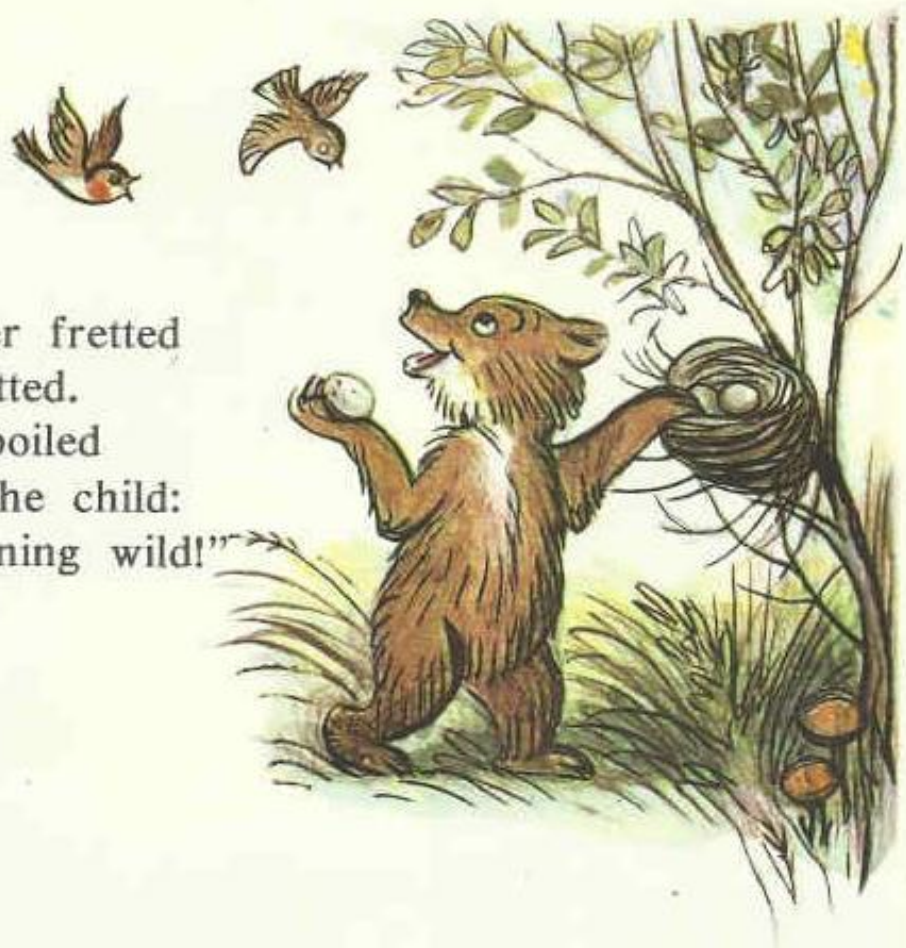


The other day he stayed away
Till dark, the dreadful lad,
And came with fur all full of hay,
A sight to make one mad.

He said without a trace of shame:
"We had a lovely, lovely game."
Says Ma: "His manners make me weep.
He roars all night, won't let us sleep."



He'll drive his mother crazy.
It's much too much to bear.
They went to see Aunt Maisie.
The same old story there:
He bit his Auntie on the knee
And shoved his cousins off
a tree.



All that week his mother fretted
And her pampering regretted.
"Oh dear me, I've spoiled
the child:
Now he's simply running wild!"

She went and asked her husband,
(As if he really knew!)
"Our son is getting worse and worse.
Please tell me what to do.

"He doesn't know what's right or wrong.
He's robbing birds' nests all along.
He's always making faces,
He fights in public places!"

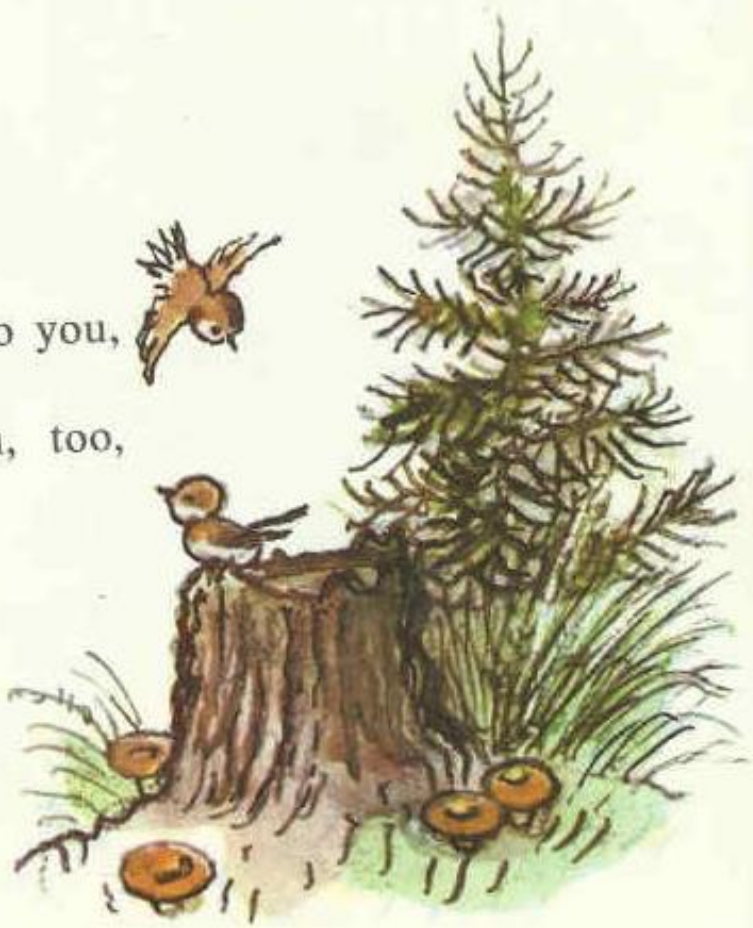
Bruin answered with a roar,
"Why am I to blame?
What *is* a bear-cub's mother for
If *she* can't make him tame?

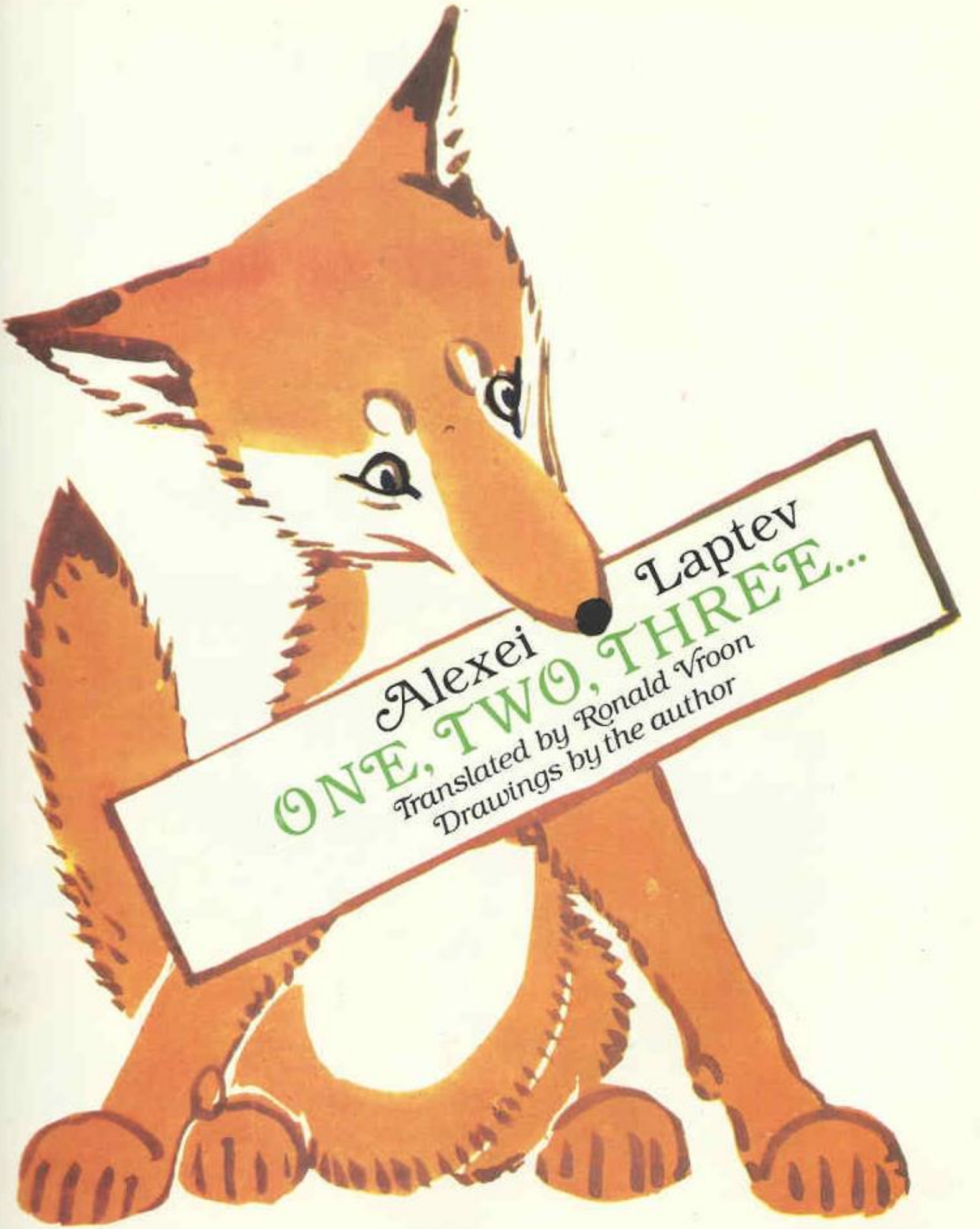
"The rascal's got a mother,
And she's the one to bother."
But soon the culprit got so bad
He raised his paw against his Dad.
Just think of it—a cub should dare
To snap and snarl at Father Bear!
The father with an angry grunt
Picked up a hefty stick.
(It seemed, his off-spring's latest stunt
Had cut him to the quick!)

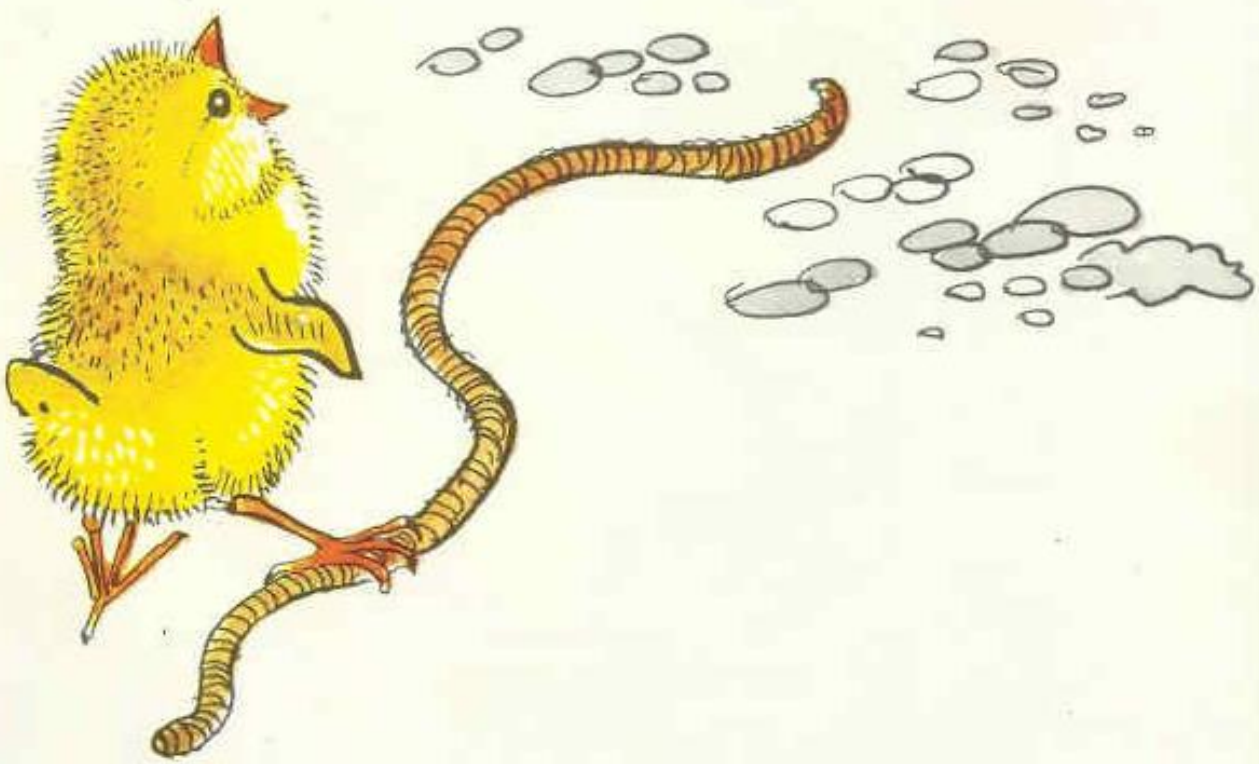
Here Mother started whimpering:
"Oh, I can't bear the sight!
Why, it's an outrage, honestly,
Threshing such a mite!"

While quarrels
Tore the family
The son grew up
Unmannerly.

Though odd this tale may seem to you,
I've often heard it said
That sometimes among children, too,
Such little bears are met.




Alexei Laptev
ONE, TWO, THREE...
Translated by Ronald Vroon
Drawings by the author

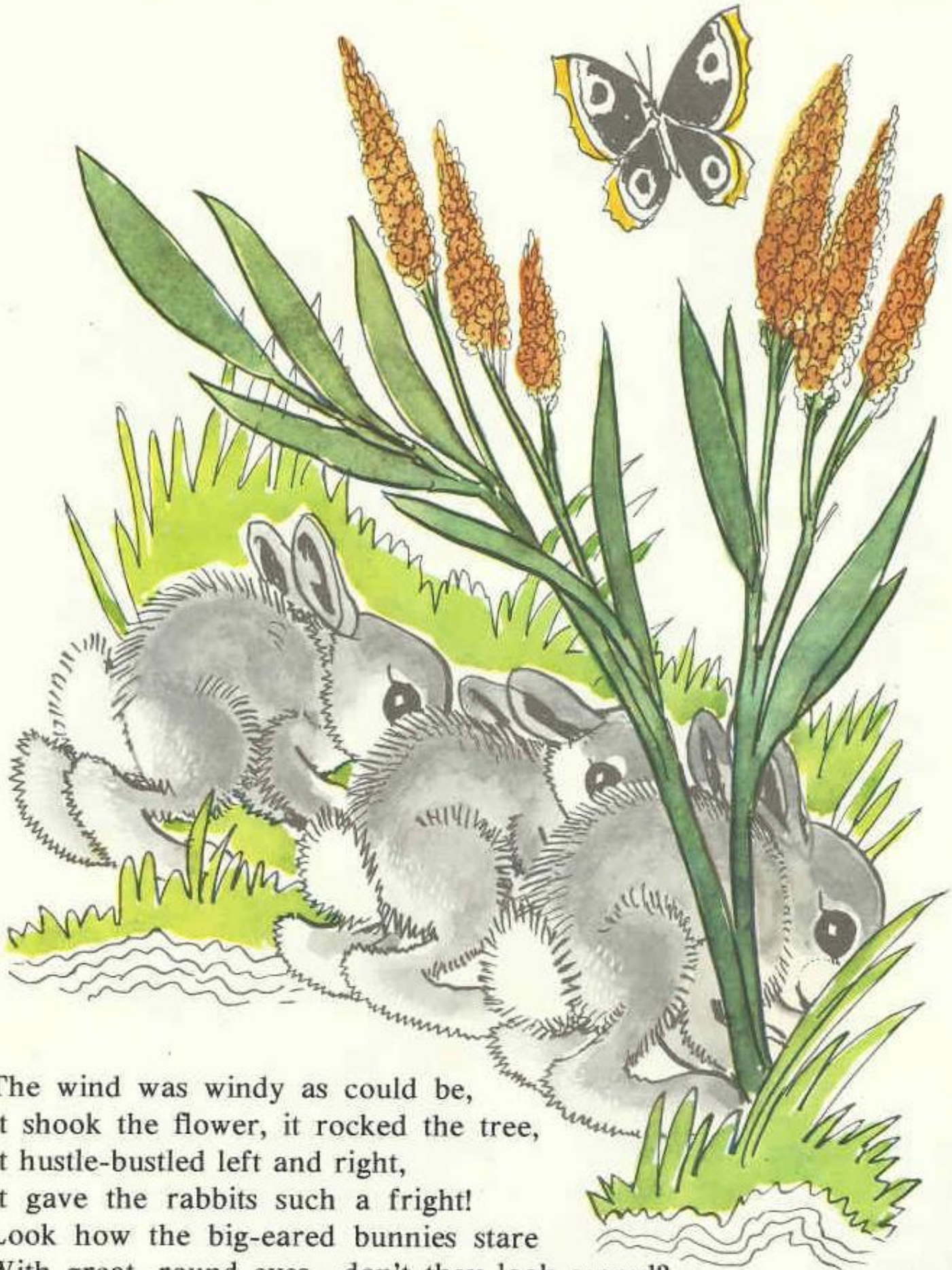


The honey smells sweet as a rose,
But then a bee lands on your nose!
If you love honey, don't you whine —
It stings, but soon you'll feel just fine!

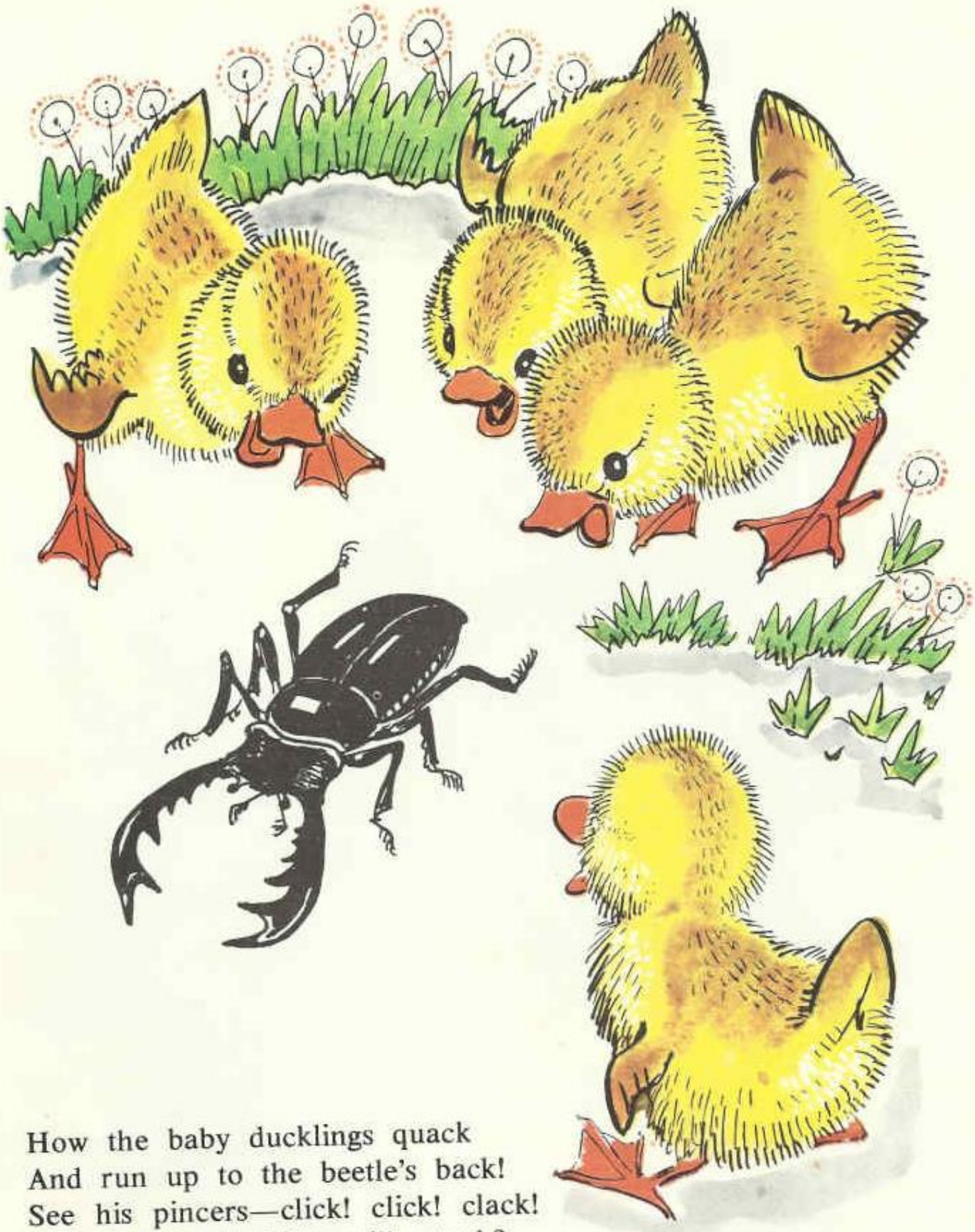
The beetle starts chirring
Deep down in the grass,
The grasshopper picks up his fiddle.
You hear all around
The bright, musical sound—
Hey fiddle-de-diddle-de-diddle!

Three little frogs
Jumped through the bog.
They hopped and hopped
And then they stopped.
What did they see ahead?
Strawberries, sweet and red!

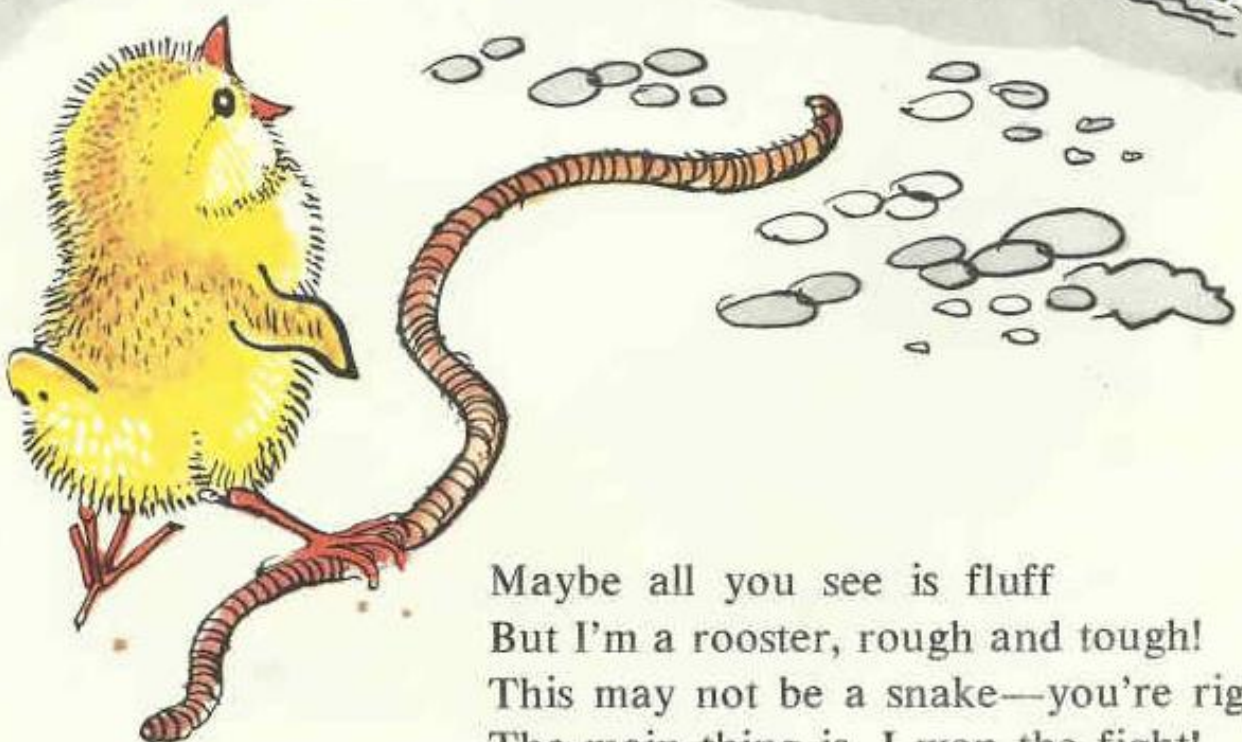
Drinking morning dew
Is just the thing to do.
The flower tips—
You take a sip!



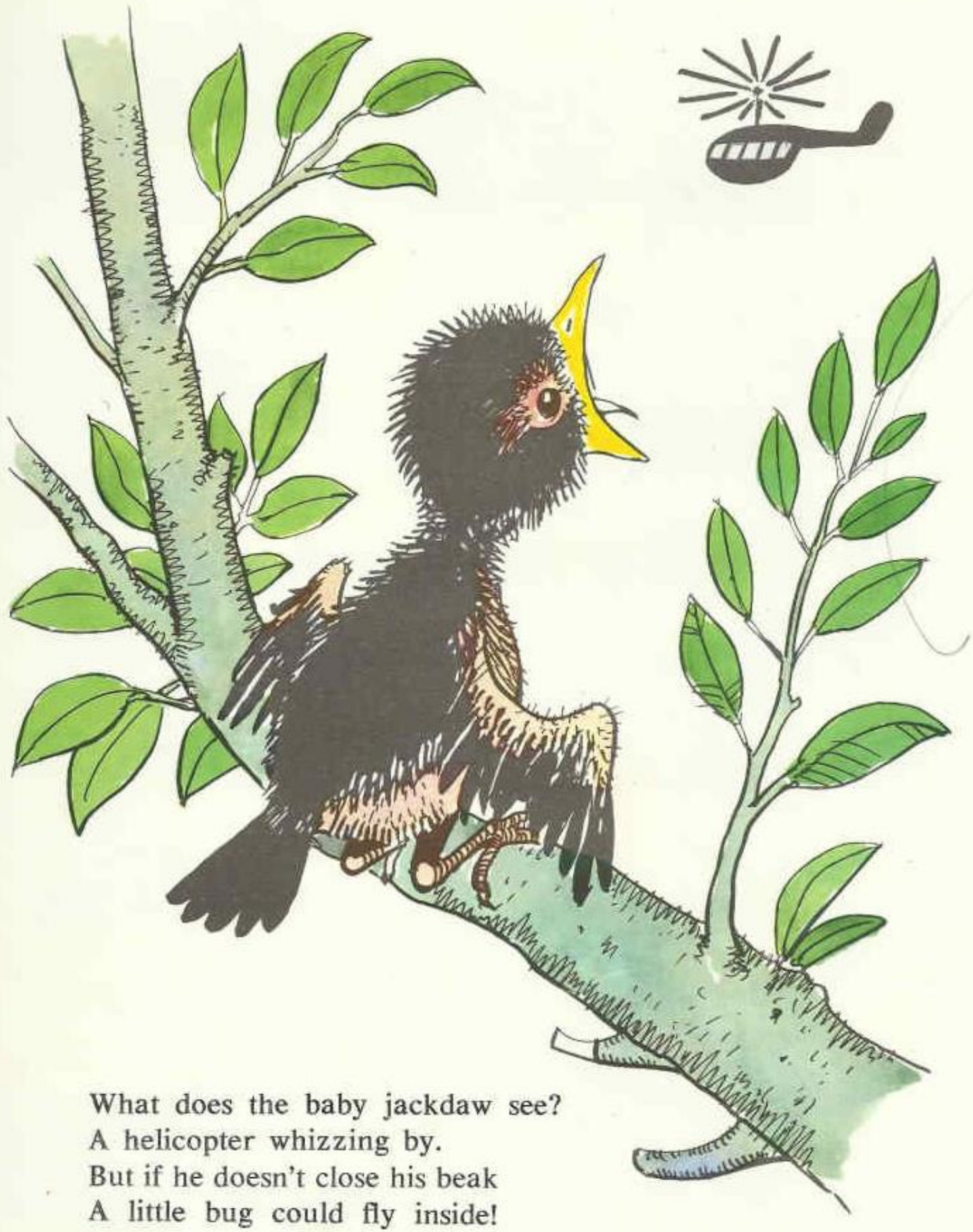
The wind was windy as could be,
It shook the flower, it rocked the tree,
It hustle-bustled left and right,
It gave the rabbits such a fright!
Look how the big-eared bunnies stare
With great, round eyes—don't they look scared?



How the baby ducklings quack
And run up to the beetle's back!
See his pincers—click! click! clack!
Which baby duckling will attack?



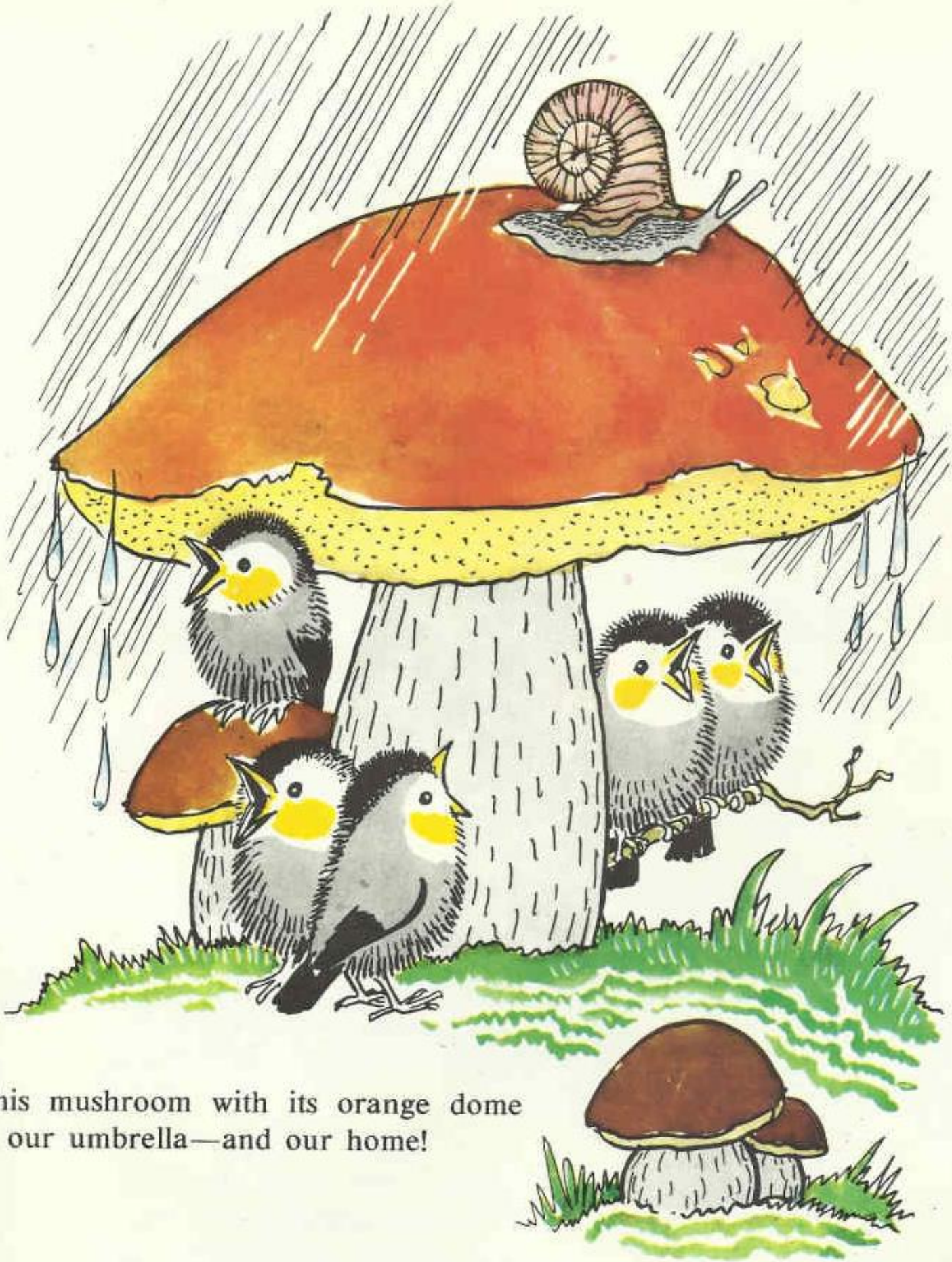
Maybe all you see is fluff
But I'm a rooster, rough and tough!
This may not be a snake—you're right.
The main thing is, I won the fight!



What does the baby jackdaw see?
A helicopter whizzing by.
But if he doesn't close his beak
A little bug could fly inside!

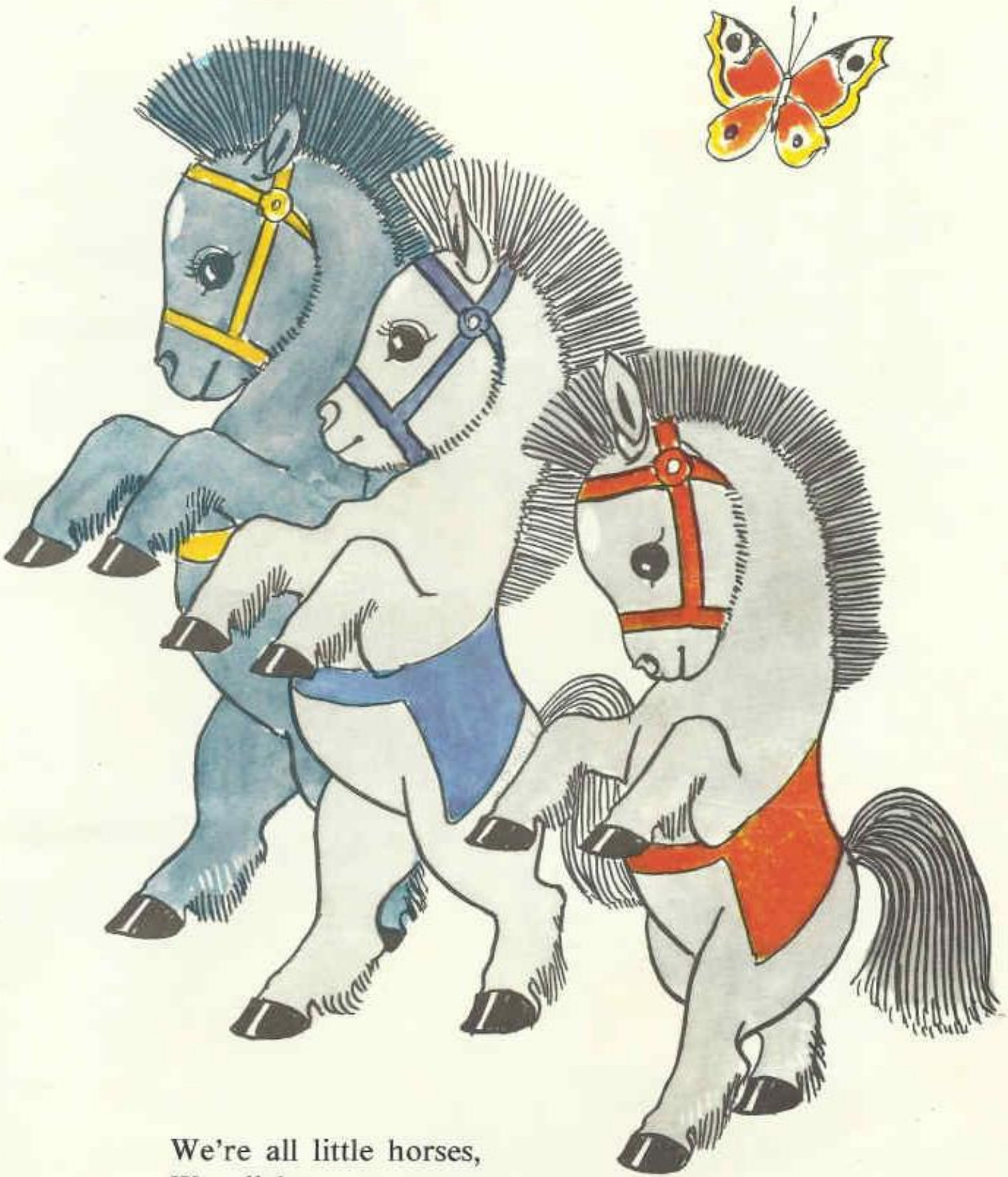
Two magpies start to scratch and bite.
Like little boys, they like to fight.
"Give me the pine cone!" "I want half!"
They screech, but soon they'll start to laugh.

A fisherman sits on the shore.
The fisherman is very sad.
What does he need a lobster for?
He needs a fish
To fix a tasty dish.
But the fish
Is just a wish!



This mushroom with its orange dome
Is our umbrella—and our home!

I'm a racehorse, I can run
Fast enough to catch the sun!
Like an eagle, I can fly
High enough to touch the sky!



We're all little horses,
We all have a name:
Not Blacky,
Or Rusty, or Tony—
Just "pony"!

These ducklings share their lunch at noon—
They have no fork or knife or spoon.

I'm a goat kid, grey as lead,
Tiny horns grow on my head.
My friend is like a little brother—
We never fight—we love each other!